

Akala - What Is Real (III Audio) Lyrics

Artist: [Akala](#)

Album: [DoubleThink](#)

Genre: [Hip Hop/Rap](#)

Will you you talk about being from the hood, like we're glad
Wear it proud, like it's a badge
But I'll be damned if, when I'm a dad my kids don't have more than I had
Please don't confuse your situation, with identity, it's not the same thing
You were pharaohs and scholars, long before the day you were armed robbers,
But, whatever, it's dumb to be clever, better to act like your brains been severed
Like these Americans so called "artists" boasting about their latest garments
But the same labels make it very clear, they don't make clothes for dark skin
Can't you see they're laughing? The question that I'm asking.

Real,
Is it real, really?
Now is it real really?

Real,
Is it real, really? (Is it real really?)
I doubt it's real really.

Real,
Is it real, really? (dolla dolla bill y'all)
Now is it real really?

Real,
Is it real, really?
I doubt it's real really. (uh, get money)

Pop champagne cop your chain, act like you got no brain
Pop champagne cop your chain, act like you got no brain
Pop champagne cop your chain, act like you got no brain!
Come on let's pop champagne!
Come on let's pop champagne!

Sorry, if I don't dance enough for the radio to play my stuff,
And got no girls in the video playing the silly ho loco shakin' their butts
I thought that rap was about content, I see now that's just nonsense
We judge MC's by the Bentleys, and how much they can have no conscience
How many chains can you wear, and not care, the cost was a village somewhere,
Stones of begets, slowly forget, this ain't the first time there were chains on your neck,
It was much worse, choose to accept, but now vexed, just perplexed
Of course that's all us people do all day, is pop champagne and have sex!
Why am I lying, I can't stand it, Chip on my shoulders the size of a planet!
I organic on the mike and the flames I will fan it
To burn down the galaxy I'm up to the challenge
Burn down the fallacy, scorch it with talent

Burn down the anarchy, restore the balance
I am the war with New York to Paris
No fun now around me, I'm far too savage
Yeah, hittin with knowledge, 'cuz we import it, ignoramus
You're playin' the stereotype, so of course you're famous
If for just one second you took your head from out your anus
You would see the motivation for your elevation

What is real?
Is it how much you make in the dollar bills?
What is real?
Is it how many you say you're gonna kill?
What is real?
Or is it something that I can truly feel?
Please tell me, please tell me, please tell me
What is real?

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Still, I got love for you, though it's very clear that you hate yourself,
I'm just saying don't fall for the crap, being from the ghetto don't make you more black
Also the fact: this is bigger than the color of your skin,
It's a matter that we're all in,
Dumber you act, the bigger the cheer,
The bigger the fool, the bigger career,
It's about playing a role, the educated can't be controlled
It's about playing a role, the educated can't be controlled
So by keeping yourself dumb, keeping yourself under the thumb
By keeping yourself dumb, keeping yourself under the thumb
(Feeding your face on the foods that are?) dumb, keeping yourself eating the crumbs,
elevating some fool with a gun, keeping ourselves numb,
So we can fit in in a world where the price of life is less than the cost of living,
So we can fit in in a world where the price of life is less than the cost of living,

Have you forgotten what is real?
Close your eyes and don't believe that all you see is all you feel.

Couple tattoos, few bullet wounds? Silly songs? Illiterate tunes?
That tattoo may as well say coon, may as well grunt just like a baboon
That's what people see when they look at me, though they may applaud my stupidity
It's like sharks in a shark tank, watch them tear each other apart
Find the sharks entertaining, but that don't mean that we think they're smart,
Or are for that matter, you maybe call yourself a rapper,
Disrespect women, but, but you are the one who is a slapper,
You get paid to degrade yourself, publicly castrate yourself

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We all play our positions, convinced that we are so different,
Accept these doctrines, and this nonsense, and we take these options,
Without one second, never questioning just what the cost is,
You're not a hater, you can't relate to the lowest denominator, dominator!
No, I don't wanna read the Source, I'd rather read some of Plato's thoughts,
Of course, let us not ever forget, the place in which where he was taught,
So if it ain't clear, none of these clown rappers could be my peers,
It's philosophical, historical, speculations that I thought were rhetorical,
like what's real, is it my face if an atom is nothing but empty space?
Why the rock feel solid when I'm on it and a comet could collide with the Earth and dislodge it?
Or maybe sonnets, metaphoric, promises the tonic for all that (is chronic?)
Illness, apathy, ignorance tapestry that they weave to turn us into batteries.

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